

Ghost – Halsey

I'm searching
For something
That I can't reach

I don't like them innocent
I don't want no face fresh
Want them wearing leather
Begging, let me be your taste test
I like the sad eyes, bad guys
Mouth full of white lies
Kiss me in the corridor,
But quick to tell me goodbye

You say that you're no good for me
Cause I'm always tugging at your sleeve
And I swear I hate you when you leave
But I like it anyway

My ghost
Where'd you go?
I can't find you in the body sleeping next to me
My ghost
Where'd you go?
What happened to the soul, that you used to be?

You're a Rolling Stone boy
Never sleep alone boy
Got a million numbers
And they're filling up your phone, boy
I'm off the deep end, sleeping
All night through the weekend
Saying that I love him but
I know I'm gonna leave him

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Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych